

EXTRA PAY FOR A SPECIAL SESSION

MILITARY PLANS INTEREST VISITOR

HOUSE WANTS TO KNOW AND REFERS RESOLUTION TO COMMITTEE.

GENERAL WANKOWSKI TALKS OF THE FORTIFICATIONS AND THE SCENERY.

The legislature had its troubles yesterday. The question of extra pay for an extra session seemed to worry some of the representatives for they wanted to know how money matters are going to "pan out" in case the Governor calls a special or an extra session.

The discussion began over the passage of the concurrent resolution, which reiterates in detail the action of congress in providing \$30,000 for the expenses of both houses of the territorial legislature.

In conclusion the resolution provides that of this sum the house shall have \$20,000, and the senate \$10,000. But how about extra pay?

Elaborate for Extras.

Representative W. J. Sheldon started out in English to say that it was unnecessary for the resolution to present such detail as to congress, but that provision should be made for pay for an extra session. However, he had not proceeded very far when he found himself talking in Hawaiian, which sounded exceedingly eloquent, although the interpreter presented only the bare facts.

Vice Speaker Rice asked the chairman of the judiciary committee if it was not a fact that all extra pay had been cut out for the legislators when their regular pay was increased from \$400 to \$600. But the question was unanswered at that time.

Put to vote the resolution was passed, but later in the session Representative Correa moved that the action be reconsidered and that the resolution be referred to the judiciary committee. After considerable debate this action was taken and it may be a new resolution which emerges from the committee.

What's in a Name?

Chairman Castle of the judiciary committee, after adjournment, looked up the Organic Act amendment and found that the amendment allows members \$600 for the regular session, instead of \$400 as before, and \$200 for "a special session," but they do not get any compensation for an extra session. "I held under the provisions of Section 54," this section in the Organic Act provides that the Governor may call an extra session to pass the appropriation bill if the legislature has failed to pass such at the regular session.

A special and an extra session are different things.

FRIEND OF FORMER QUEEN IS DEAD

Mrs. Elizabeth Achuck Lapana, a very close friend of the late Princess Liliuokalani and Queen Liliuokalani, died yesterday afternoon at a quarter to five at her daughter's home on Liliu street, after an illness of over four months. She was sixty years old.

There are surviving her two daughters—Mrs. J. K. Olds and Mrs. H. G. Morse.

—H. J. JUAN, Mexico, February 22—

Harry Dill, American, is held here, accused of being a spy. He fears he will be executed and has appealed for American protection.

ITCHING OF SCALP INTOLERABLE

Nearly Wild with Painful, Burning Eruption—Half Her Hair Fell Out and Combing It Was Torture—Feared She Would be Bald.

IN DESPAIR UNTIL CURED BY CUTICURA

"Just about two years ago, some form of humor appeared on my scalp. The beginning was a slight itching but it grew steadily worse until, when I combed my hair, the scalp became raw and the ends of the comb-teeth would be wet with blood. Most of the time there was an intolerable itching, in a painful, burning way, very much as a bad, raw burn, if deep, will itch and smart when first beginning to heal. Combing my hair was positive torture. My hair was long and tangled terribly because of the blood and scale. This continued growing worse and over half my hair fell out. I was in despair. I really afraid of becoming totally bald."

"Sometimes the pain was so great that, when partially awake, I would scratch the worst places so that my finger-tips would be bloody. I could not sleep well and, after being asleep a short time, that awful stinging pain would commence and then I would wake up nearly wild with the torture. A neighbor said I must be salt rheum. Having used Cuticure Soap merely as a toilet soap before, I now decided to order a set of the Cuticure Remedies—Cuticure Soap, Ointment and Pills. I used them according to directions for perhaps six weeks, then I left off, as the disease seemed to be eradicated. But toward spring, eighteen months ago, there was a slight return of the scalp humor. I commenced the Cuticure treatment at once, and had very little trouble. On my scalp I used about one-half a cake of Cuticure Soap and half a box of Cuticure Ointment in all. The first time I took six or seven bottles of Cuticure Pills and the last time three bottles—neither an expensive or tedious treatment. Since then I have had no scalp trouble of any kind. Standing up, with my hair unbound, it comes to my knees and had not been for Cuticure I should doubtless be wholly bald."

"This is a voluntary, unsolicited testimonial and I take pleasure in writing it, hoping my experience may help someone else. Miss Lillian Brown, R. F. D. 1, Liberty, Mo., Oct. 29, 1909."

Persons interested are asked to consult the world-famous Dr. J. C. Clark, 1001 Broadway, New York City.

(From Wednesday's Advertiser.)

Brig-Gen. Robert Wankowski, who commands the National Guard of California, First Division, and Mrs. Wankowski, who commands the General, are members of the Shriner party at the Young Hotel, and are as delighted with what they have seen of Honolulu as though they had come from the land of ice and snow, instead of sunny Los Angeles.

"I tell you what, the foliage here is striking; it is so beautiful that you can revel in it. In fact, there is so much here that is beautiful that one hardly knows how to see it all, for while you are looking at one scene which attracts, you turn your head a bit and see another, and for the moment you forget the first, and later regret not taking a longer look."

General Wankowski says he has enjoyed every moment of his pilgrimage to the Islands of Honolulu, for he was not sick a minute on the way from San Francisco here.

Never Missed a Meal.

"Why, I must always get sick when I cross from Los Angeles to Catalina Island, yet I didn't miss a meal coming over. We had a splendid time and enjoyed the trip every day, but we are glad to be ashore again."

The General had a narrow escape from not coming, as there is general inspection of the National Guard of California going on at this time, and right up to the last hour of his departure from the mainland he was kept busy with his military duties there. However, the trip or the fine luau at Waikiki, yesterday afternoon, or something, suited him well, for the General looks in fine condition and in the picture of health.

General Wankowski is very much interested in the military problem in Hawaii and intends to renew acquaintances with many of the army officers here, whom he has met at Atascadero and elsewhere, since the days of the Spanish-American war, when he was a Captain in the First Regiment California Volunteers.

"I expect to make time to call upon Major Dunning, at Schofield Barracks, when I return from the volcano," said the General yesterday.

In fact the general hopes to visit a number of his friends in Honolulu and the surrounding fortifications, and will pay his respects to General Macomb, probably today. Speaking of the problems here General Wankowski said in part:

Military Problems Here.

"Naturally I am interested in what is being done here by the army. Your great problem here, I understand, is the Japanese. With 75,000 Japanese in Hawaii, the majority of them veterans of their home army, the question of fortifications is an important one, especially if by any possibility there should ever be a war with Japan. I do not anticipate this, mind you, but all such things have to be taken into consideration."

Then the general switched on to old friends at Los Angeles and told of how Harry Carr is now assistant managing editor of the Los Angeles Times, and how George Fremont is here for his health, and that interest in the N. G. C. keeps up in good shape in the south. Then he thought he would prepare for battle at the Elks' carnival, and made a masterly retreat from his interviewer to lay his plans for attacking a new sensation.

HONOLULU IS EN ROUTE TO HONOLULU

After a month's delay the big freighter Honolulu, chartered by the Matson Navigation Company from the American-Hawaiian line, departed from San Francisco for Honolulu on Tuesday and is due here on the morning of February 28. The vessel, it is expected, has a large amount of freight, and possibly a fair-sized list of passengers. Owing to the fact that the Honolulu is just a month behind her schedule the bookings may not have been as large as at first anticipated. The vessel has excellent accommodations for about forty cabin passengers. The Honolulu on arrival at San Francisco from the Atlantic seaboard with coal for the United States Navy, was inspected by Captain Matson and other officials of the line and she was not satisfactory. First of all she had been built like the other American-Hawaiian boats and had only deck hatches and no side ports. The company would not accept the boat as she was and it took a few weeks to cut side ports. The Matson company has a quick method of dispatching freight and side ports are one of the features which helps the agents here to get rid of cargo in quick time.

KAOO WINS OUT IN BIG MARATHON RACE

Kao, the old veteran, successfully defended his title of long distance runner of these islands yesterday by winning the big marathon race from Soldier King in three hours fifteen minutes and fifty-seven seconds. The race was witnessed by three thousand people and King made the pace a cracker from the start but was unable to keep it up. He cracked up three times and although he did not finish the entire course was awarded second place.

After the race King was taken to the hospital where he is to stay until he recovers from the strain. Kao is feeling fine and well.

616 B.P.O.E. CERVUSALCES

friends. Mannie Phillips, costumed in a gown of spangled net over black satin, the skirt worn to the knees, paraded before his most intimate friends and was not discovered. When his mask was removed he stated that every so often for fifteen years or more he has succeeded in fooling every one. Mannie's dainty feet and ankles are what made the deception so easy. Toots Lansing, in a black spangled gown, worn en traine, use no mask and made a successful figure of a society girl, but his walk was not quite so womanly as that of Phillips. The characters were capably sustained.

There were pierrots in quartets, dominated figures by the hundred, a lady in violet, dozens as Spanish girls and gypsies, Turkish ladies, hoboes, medieval knights and clowns and ladies of the time of Chaucer; there were fancy costumes, the wearers being unidentified, and the "Mysterious Lady of the Telephone," whose identity was discovered. One girl had a waste paper basket for a hat and a hobble which hobbled; Chinese mandarins waltzed with ladies in motley.

Many of those who attended the Kirmess in costume wore the same gowns as the Carnival and many other costumes were beautiful and of rich materials. Altogether it was one of the prettiest bal masques ever given.

The judges had a difficult task, but decided that Mr. Mett, as a Chinese mandarin, wore the handsomest gown; that Mrs. W. D. Adams, as a Canterbury lady, wore the handsomest woman's costume; that Miss Gault, the waste paper basket girl, had the most original and best sustained costume.

The maskers unmasked at ten o'clock, following which there was general dancing until midnight.

This evening another dance will be given by the Elks, at which the maskers and those not masked will be given an equal opportunity. It is the desire of the Elks that as many as possible come again in costume, to add to the gaiety of the affair, but all will be allowed to go on the ballroom floor at half-past eight and dance as long as they desire.

The Amazing Maze.

The maze which the committee headed by C. Mackintosh constructed, under the name of the Elks' Tangle Trail, wasn't so good that you couldn't get out of it, but as an example of the straight and narrow path gone wrong it was quite excellent.

Some member of the antiered fraternity must have had kinks in his brain beyond the ordinary run of things to devise a real labyrinth, where, as the program remarked, you and "yours" can be separated, the "yours" standing for the honored guest of the evening, most of it, or that which wasn't in ten-dollar gold pieces (and some of that), remaining in the hands of the hosts when the evening came to an end.

Ralph Johnson, versed in the complexities of high finance and corporate taxes, and being "next" to the ordinary dog, turns and twists of those who try to get out of the payment of the latter by the use of the former, may have been responsible for the dodges, twists and turns that were materialized out of the canvas and boards. It's in the mazes-Waikiki corner. Try it. This is not an advertisement.

Gypsy Kahunaism.

The Elks' committee in charge probably put the fortune-telling booth next to the Tangle Trail to catch the unwary ones, too bewildered by their late experience to be scared at the Romany garnishments of the hole in the wall where Mrs. Doctor McLennan successfully disguised herself as one of the good old gypsies and told fortunes, by hook, crook, or palm, it did not matter which.

A big banana tree, just picked, with ferns and a bewildering array of greenery, that color being said to be good for the eyes, decked the room to ease the visitor's optics after straining around looking for the way out in the other place.

The Fortune Teller sat at solitary queen over a tribe of gypsy maids, who wore the most stunning costumes that ever came out of Seville into a grand opera, and who peddled peanuts with true gypsy winsomeness, violets and anything else salable or ordinarily unsalable. They were Miss Ray Bell, Miss Helen and Margaret Center, the two Misses Buckland, Miss Sutherland, Miss Ruth Anderson, the two Misses McChesney, Miss Myrtle Schuman and Miss Ruth Soper.

The Kountry Stor.

"Cy" Young was the boss in the country store, where there were more ingenious methods of separating you from your weekly stipend and at the same time delude you into thinking that you were getting more than your money's worth, better any other institution that ever existed—except the real country store. After Young's charming corps of assistants, consisting of E. E. Bodge, F. O. Boyer, John Fuller, Chester Irwin, George Marley and Walter Ryeroff had taken away your last cent they charged you another "dollar" to take you home in an automobile which Bodge of V. H. Y. supplied out of his own little head.

By paying a small part of a dollar you got the privilege of putting your hand in a hat, or basket or something and drawing a slip of paper or a stick or something with hieroglyphic, ruse or something which the maidens or something interpreted as meaning that you were entitled to a slice of bacon or something. Sometimes it might be a can of tomatoes, last year's crop. Or a wheelbarrow.

The Freaks.

The Museum of Freaks, constituted out of George A. Martin, John R. Bergstrom, Charles J. Lynch, William C. McKay, K. H. G. Wallace and Ben Brune, was a trap for the unwary feet. The cheerful liars at the door told the

accent on the three-legged deer and the crowd surrendered their little paste boards beautifully and took it all in. Or were took in, it matters not a whit.

The first thing the visitor remarked was a sign which told him in a resigned manner that he was stung, but that he might as well go ahead and stick it out. For instance, the snakes were—but what's the use of telling it all. Everybody has at least a howling acquaintance with snakes. The wild man was a deer. It might be added in ex-tenuation of the committee that the dog has really but three legs.

Tintypes.

Eddie Fernandez, during a recess in his legislative labors, took pictures that were real likenesses, somewhere near the freaks. He did a rushing business and hung a picture of a four-legged animal with horns up behind the poster that he might remember where the atrocity was committed.

After Eddie took you the rest of the committee took your money. Oh, it was rich! Danny Logan had his picture tooked, too.

Unexpurgated.

There is always a certain delicacy of speaking of Jimmie Lynch and Harry Murray in conjunction, especially when such other stars and planets as Ed Lord and Quinn hover near by. Now that Murray has been supervised, he wears his last carnival's plug hat with more than usual grace and accuracy while Senator Quinn retained the toga as more fitting in his festival role than the habiliments he wears as unofficial chaplain of the august legislative body he adorns.

But while they were all attractive, the best part of the show was inside, even when Harry was out and Jimmy was behind the scenes. Incidentally Jimmie nearly always was.

The house was nearly always full, too. The rippling waters of the harbor shining moonlit out of the porthole or whatever it was, lent a touch of romance to the vernal scene—but what's the use. The hold bangers were fine.

The Hold Up Court.

This is a thing to be spoken of beneath the breath. People have been fined for less. With Senator Charles F. Chillingworth, Esq., as prosecuting officer, assisted by Dickie Davis, A. M. Brown being too busy practicing how to be marshal of a Floral Parade to attend, assisted him. Geo. A. Davis was chief justice, assisted by Lou Whitehouse and James Coke, and the way they put the victims to the torture was graceful, charming and productive.

A squad of policeman in festival attire were busy as bees and always managed to get the right man at the wrong time. Chief McDuffie was pinched as he was leaving the building with a five-dollar gold piece he was going to change for a lady and after they let him out she was no place to be seen.

Sheriff Jarrett occupied the cage most of the time, having no money to pay his fine and being compelled to serve it out in time. Paul Isenberg was the saddest man. He was running for the most popular Elk in the voting contest when he got pinched and Davis, C. J., held him under bonds until his rivals were far in the lead. He was charged with being a living skeleton. And there were others.

The Wrong Baby.

The Baby Elk booth was a nice booth. John H. Farrell took the tickets and Mr. Spitzer took the rest. Mr. Spitzer, who has been but three days in the benevolent order, leaned nonchalantly against the rail and when the visitor visited, he (meaning the visitor) saw the booth almost bare, and vacant except for Mr. Spitzer, and sighed, thinking he was stung again.

The usual procedure was to put up a sheepish smile and go up to Mr. Spitzer, who would pass for a Baby Elk anywhere in a crowd, and ask him what's his name and you're the Baby Elk, ain't you?

Mr. Spitzer got quite bored explaining to people that he was the imitation. The real thing, with the horns just sprouting, although that isn't the proper term, was just behind the rail. The vaudeville show, a real one in its way, occupied the end of the wharf and Walter F. Drake, chairman of the committee, made quite a good thing out of it.

The Golden Gate.

Sixteen favorites appeared on the boards at the voting contest booth, Collier Lucas leading "at a late hour last night" with three hundred votes and Miss Alice Wood second with one hundred and fifty-two. Considering that the winner goes to Frisco this seems to be quite an important booth—to the winner.

The other names on the boards were Miss Bernice Dwight, Miss Louise Mossman, Grace Carroll, Lila Diallage, Carrie Crewes, Trizix Taylor, Honey Voss, Alice Darcy, Alice A. Sandil, Annie Holmes Conradt, Miss Hicks, Grace Ayres and Mrs. Doctor McLennan.

Where You Were Gilded.

Snowy white linen, shining silverware, twinkling glassware and China ladies greeted the merry-maker from the cool retreat of the Onion Grill. The only trouble with the Onion Grill was that it was on the other end of the museum of freaks and the hold up court. People were afraid that they might serve up a brick a la Napoleon, or harbor water royale, or a table leg fricasseed. But the suspicious person had his suspicions for his pains and his pains only when he passed over the remunerative coin. But it was good while it lasted. Very good.

Mystical Mermaid.

The Mystical Mermaid is still a mystery. Bathed in the changing colors of the electric light projected through a fountain of real water, the effect was

rather startling. There was only one trouble with this show—it was too short. But then there were a lot of people who had to see it.

When the lights were turned out and the electric fountain turned on, a ghost-like figure suddenly shot upward in the fountain, and as the white light played over it her arms parted and a beautiful mermaid was revealed, while the waving drapery added to the effect of falling waters. And the lights changed to pink, to yellow, to all the sunset colors, and then into the fountain sank the mermaid and the lights went out, and so did the audience.

Little Geisha Girls.

And the geisha girls were there, you bet! They were there with all their little feet, and in spite of criticism they flitted their fans to full houses, with standing room only on the side. There were a couple of samisens, played by a couple of Japanese girl musicians—at least it is supposed they are musicians, but there was so much of the Hawaiian band and the carnivalities in evidence that the modest notes of the "sams" had to be taken on trust. But the dancers didn't. They danced with their hands in fine shape; they did it with one fan, then with two, then they switched to cherry blossom stalks covered with what looked like real blossoms, and very graceful and pretty they looked, and not a single shock could anybody get for his money.

Gulliver.

Lorin Andrews, Buffandeau and a few other stand-pat Republicans owned the Lilliputian show. There were five in this booth without counting the committee, which never appeared, and Henry Viera, who made people pay to get in where they couldn't see him. Henry was disguised as a Chinaman, so that every one would know him. His queue stood on end for you every time you paid a ticket.

The Lilliputians were five young ladies and gentlemen who defied the child labor laws and amused three audiences every ten minutes with rapid-fire songs, dances, stories and other things commonly monopolized by Ben Bruns and Jimmy Lynch.

A Real Sideshow.

But this wasn't all. In a big room, all to himself, was William P. Fennell, released from duty by special request of the license commission. He was the information bureau of the Elks' Festival, and was so busy answering questions that he didn't have a chance to see the show himself. He early established a lost and found bureau, and spent the rest of his time explaining to people that he didn't check coats and hats.

KICK RECEIVED FROM LEPER SETTLEMENT

Five members of the leper settlement on Molokai, as a committee, sent a petition to the legislature yesterday registering a few "kicks." Each kick was numbered and the first was for the abolition of one of the rules and regulations of the settlement which seems irksome to at least some of the residents.

The second request of the house is to permit the sale in the settlement of light wines and beer. At present the settlement is a temperance place, but evidently the ones who have such a quiet life of it believe a chance for a little liquid conviviality would help some and are back again with this petition.

Thirdly the petitioners ask that a larger appropriation be passed this year for their benefit, but if this can not be accomplished, then it should be as large as the last legislature provided.

But the concentrated protest was shown in clause four, which asks that the goods sold at the board of health store be dispensed at cost, or at least at a very small margin of profit, instead of at "such an excessive rate of profit as is being done at the present time."

The petition will be considered by a committee and reported on later in the session.

NEW THEATER WILL OPPOSE COMBINE

Building operations will commence on Saturday for a new theater in this city on Hotel street, just below Nuuanu avenue, to be opened by Harry Werner, pioneer theatrical man of modern Honolulu. He will make it a combination vaudeville and moving picture house, in opposition to the theatrical combine here.

Mr. Werner stated last evening that he intends this to be only the first of three new theaters, to be independent of all others with independent films and new attractions. Also Mrs. Harry Werner and their daughter, better known by their stage names of Leona (Clifton and Chiepa), will be here in time for the opening, which will be within a month.

LORIMER FACES HIS SENATE OPPOSITION

WASHINGTON, February 22.—Senator Lorimer, accused of occupying a seat secured through bribery, spoke in his own defense today.